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10c

# the GHOST RIDER

No. 2



**THE GHOST RIDER**  
*meets*  
**DEATH'S STAGECOACH!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



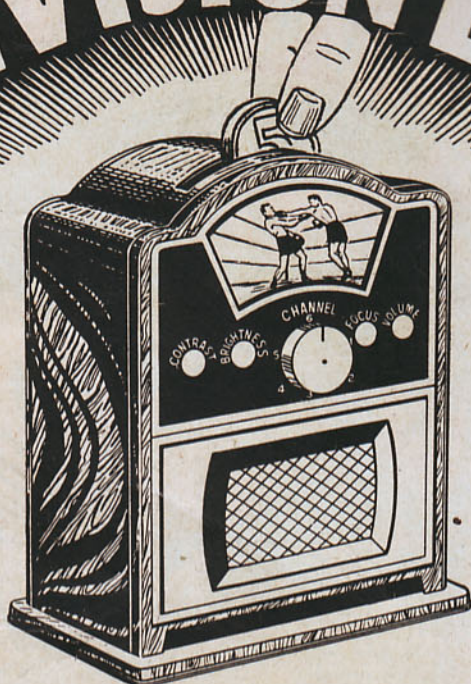
THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES  
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION  
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR  
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR  
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!**

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK!** SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. GR, New York 2, N. Y.

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. GR  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

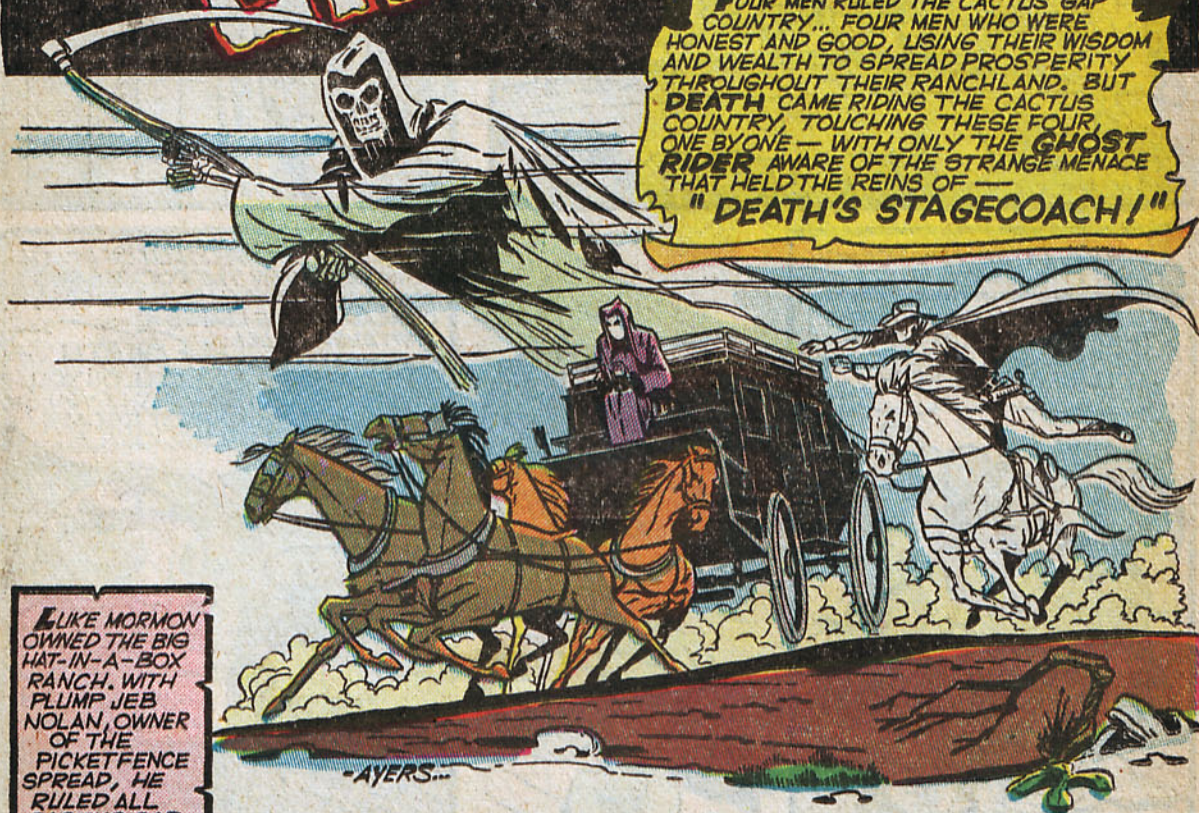
Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly)  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.



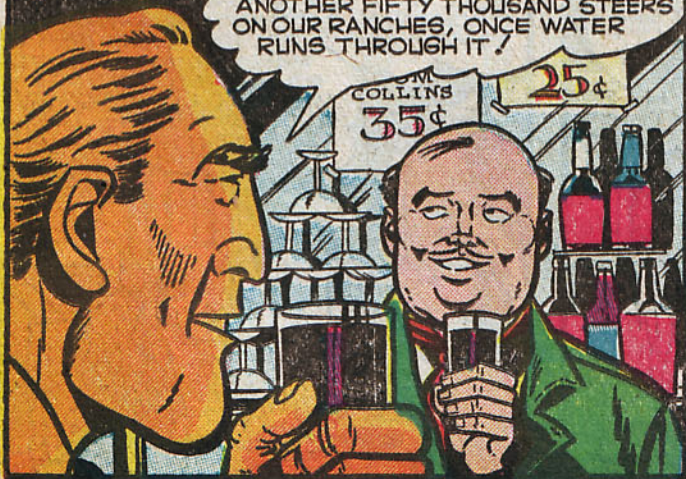
# the GHOST RIDER

FOUR MEN RULED THE CACTUS GAP COUNTRY... FOUR MEN WHO WERE HONEST AND GOOD, USING THEIR WISDOM AND WEALTH TO SPREAD PROSPERITY THROUGHOUT THEIR RANCHLAND. BUT **DEATH** CAME RIDING THE CACTUS COUNTRY, TOUCHING THESE FOUR, ONE BY ONE — WITH ONLY THE **GHOST RIDER** AWARE OF THE STRANGE MENACE THAT HELD THE REINS OF "DEATH'S STAGECOACH!"

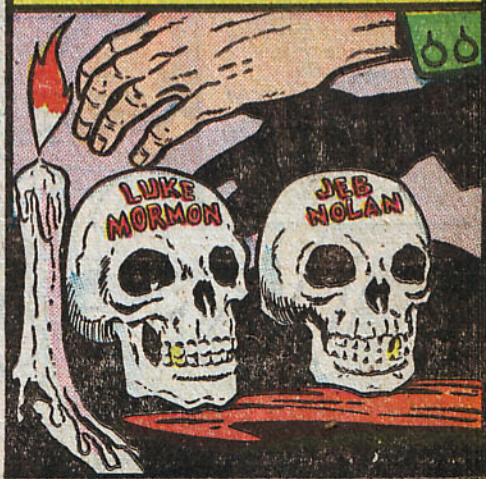


LUKE MORMON OWNED THE BIG HAT-IN-A-BOX RANCH. WITH PLUMP JEB NOLAN, OWNER OF THE PICKETFENCE SPREAD, HE RULED ALL CACTUS GAP WEST OF TOWN...

HERE'S TO THAT IRRIGATION TROUGH WE'RE PUTTIN' IN, JEB. WE'LL BE ABLE TO STOCK ANOTHER FIFTY THOUSAND STEERS ON OUR RANCHES, ONCE WATER RUNS THROUGH IT!



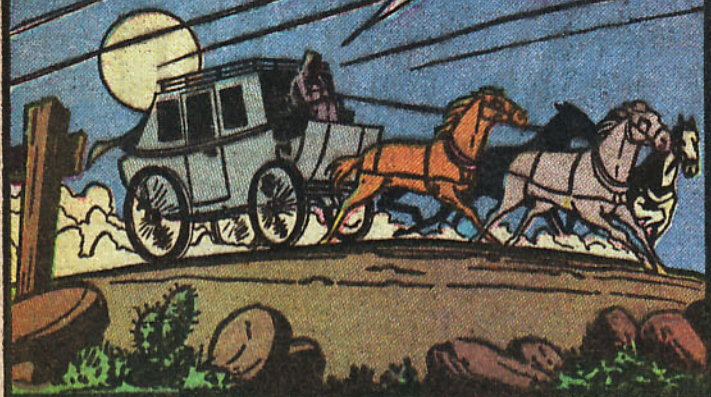
MILES TO THE NORTH, IN A TINY CAVE, A HAND REACHES OUT TOWARD TWO SKULLS, EACH BEARING A NAME...





THAT NIGHT, SHROUDED IN THE DARKNESS, A BLACK STAGECOACH RACES MADLY DOWN THE SLOPING ROADWAY OF THE GAP—

FASTER, FASTER! DEATH COMES THIS WAY, AND NONE MUST STOP IT— FASTER!

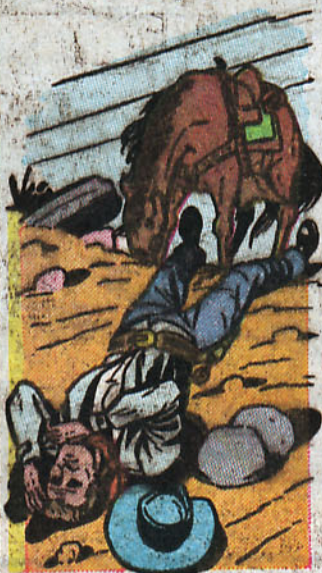


THE FIRST NAME ON DEATH'S LIST! TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY— LUKE MORMON WILL DIE!



TWO DAYS LATER, LUKE MORMON CRIES OUT SHARPLY...

TARNATION! WHO THREW THAT LARIAT? I'M GOING TO FALL ON THOSE ROCKS! I'LL BREAK MY NECK!



AGAIN THE STAGECOACH OF DEATH HURTTLES DOWN THE ROCKY SIDES OF CACTUS GAP! AGAIN THE GRIM, COWLED FIGURE LEAVES A WHITENED SKULL...

DEATH

WILL CALL ON YOU, JEB NOLAN! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOUR FATE!



PALLID WITH FEAR, FACE WET WITH SWEAT, JEB NOLAN BABBLER HELPLESSLY TO THE OTHER HALF OF CACTUS GAP'S FAMED FOUR: TOM BRENNAN OF THE B-ON-A-RAIL RANCH, AND ROGER BOOFER, OWNER OF THE TRIANGLE—DOT...

LUKE DIDN'T DIE NATURAL. HE WAS MURDERED! I SAW THE SKULL HE GOT! SAME 'S THIS— BUT THIS'N HAS MY NAME ON IT. I'M NEXT! I'M NEXT TO DIE!



EASY, JEB! WE'LL THINK O' SOME WAY TO HELP YUH!

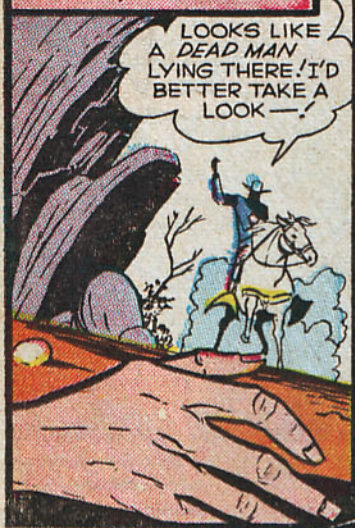
CORRECT! STAY HERE TONIGHT, JEB. TOM AND I WILL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THOSE SKULLS! LEAVE EVERYTHING TO US!

I'M A MARKED MAN! MARKED FOR— DEATH! NOTHING CAN HELP ME! NOTHING!





**RIDING ACROSS THE SAGE  
FLATS SOUTH OF CACTUS  
GAP, NEXT DAY, COMES  
REX FURY, U. S. MARSHAL ...**



LOOKS LIKE  
A DEAD MAN  
LYING THERE. I'D  
BETTER TAKE A  
LOOK —

ODD! HE'S DEAD — BUT  
THERE'S NO WOUND OR  
OTHER MARK OF VIOLENCE  
ON HIM / HOW COULD HE DIE  
OUT HERE ... UNLESS ...  
OF COURSE — THAT'S IT ...!



IT'S JEB! HE —  
HE KNEW HE  
WAS GOING  
TO DIE!

HE **KNEW** IT?  
BUT HOW? HE  
HAD ENEMIES,  
I SUPPOSE?

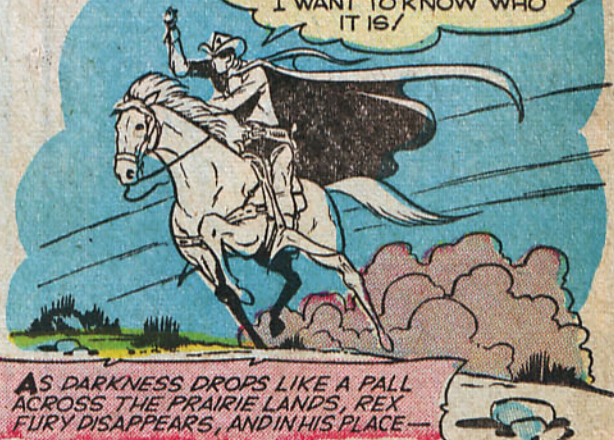


THIS SKULL WAS LEFT HERE  
SOME DAYS AGO / A FRIEND OF  
OURS, LUKE MORMON, ALSO  
RECEIVED ONE. HE ALSO DIED.  
AND PEOPLE TALK OF A BLACK  
STAGECOACH THAT TRAVELS  
ONLY AT NIGHT ...!

THIS HAS  
ALL THE  
EARMARKS  
OF A JOB  
FOR —  
**THE  
GHOST  
RIDER!**



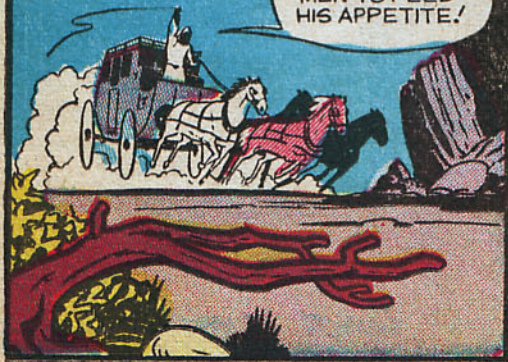
UP, SPECTRE! SOMEBODY  
LEAVES THOSE SKULLS!  
BE FOUND BY THE VICTIMS!  
I WANT TO KNOW WHO  
IT IS!



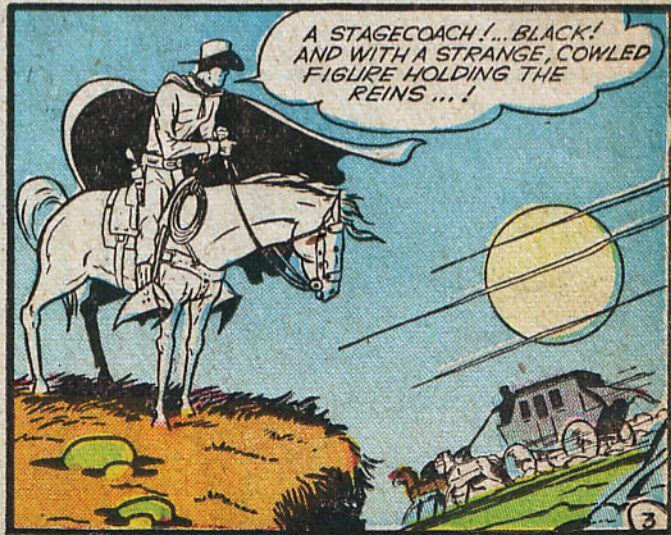
AS DARKNESS DROPS LIKE A PALL  
ACROSS THE PRAIRIE LANDS, REX  
FURY DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE —

**AT THAT MOMENT,  
THUNDERING AROUND  
A SHARP BEND OF  
CACTUS GAP MOUNTAIN ...**

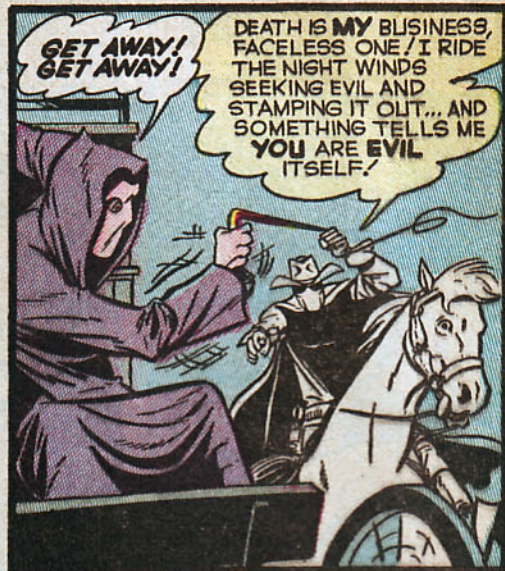
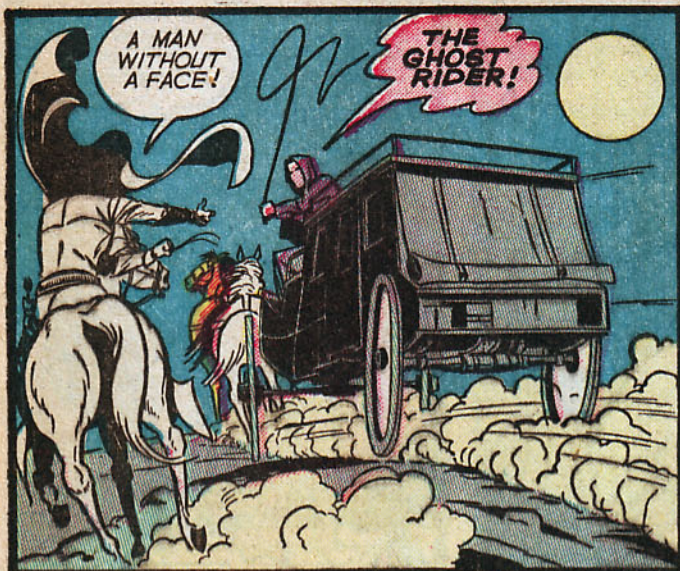
FASTER,  
MY BEAUTIES!  
DEATH IS  
HUNGRY! HE  
SEEKS MORE  
MEN TO FEED  
HIS APPETITE!



A STAGECOACH! ... **BLACK!**  
AND WITH A STRANGE, COWLED  
FIGURE HOLDING THE  
REINS ...!



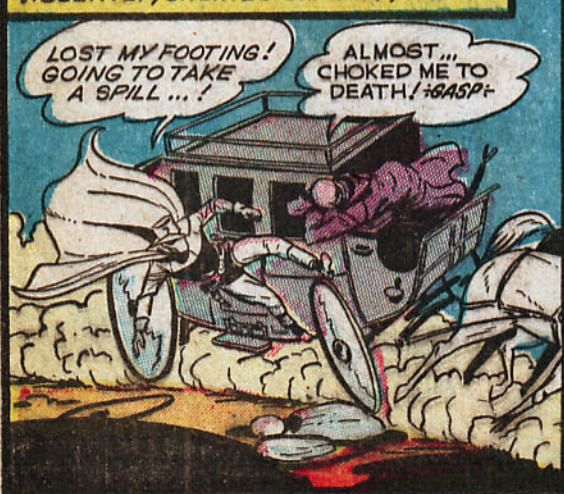




AS THE GHOST RIDER'S REVERSIBLE BLACK CLOAK WHIRLS ABOUT HIM, HIS HANDS GLOW IN THE NIGHT! IT SEEMS TO THE STAGECOACH DRIVER THAT HIS HANDS ARE BODILESS ...



AT THAT MOMENT, ONE OF THE WHEELS STRIKES A LARGE ROCK, THE STAGECOACH BOUNCES VIOLENTLY, SWERVES SHARPLY, AND...



COVERED BY HIS GREAT BLACK CLOAK, THE GHOST RIDER LIES ALMOST INVISIBLE ON THE GROUND ...





AS DAWN TINTS THE NEARBY HILLS  
NEXT MORNING, A PALEFACED MAN  
STARES DOWN AT A SKULL —

A SKULL! AND—AND THIS ONE  
HAS MY NAME ON IT, I'LL BE  
KILLED... SAME AS LUKE AND  
JEB WERE KILLED!



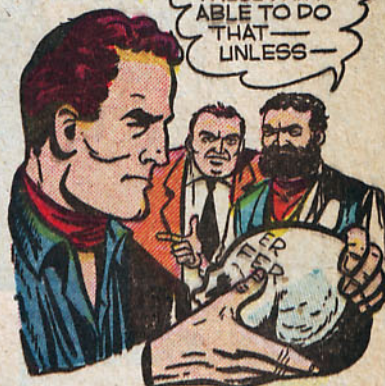
TOM — LOOK!  
ONE OF THOSE  
INFERNAL SKULLS!  
I'M THE NEXT  
TO GO!

EASY,  
ROGER!  
I WANT  
TO  
INTRODUCE  
YOU TO  
REX FURY,  
A U.S.  
MARSHAL!



IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO  
FIGURE OUT. SOMEBODY  
AIMS TO GET RID OF THE  
FOUR MOST IMPORTANT  
MEN IN CACTUS GAP. WHY?  
PERHAPS THE KILLER  
INTENDS TO TAKE OVER  
YOUR PROPERTY...  
EVENTUALLY!

NONSENSE!  
THERE'S  
NOBODY 'ROUND  
THESE PARTS  
ABLE TO DO  
THAT —  
UNLESS —



UNLESS IT'S ONE OF US!  
THAT MEANS **YOU'RE** THE  
ONE, TOM! YOU COLD-  
BLOODED MURDERER!

HOLD ON, NOW!  
I'M NOT THE  
MAN, ROGER —  
YOU'RE PLUMB  
LOCO! MAYBE  
**YOU'RE** THE  
ONE YOURSELF!



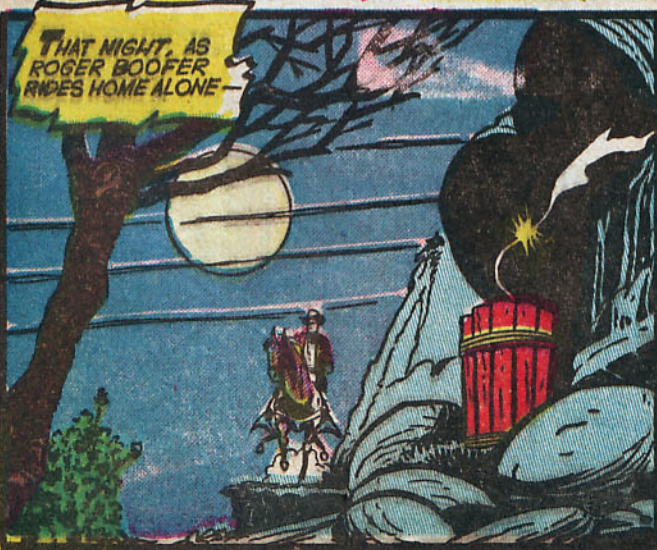
EASY, EASY! WE  
WON'T GET ANYWHERE  
THROWING ACCUSATIONS  
AROUND. BREAK IT UP,  
NOW! WE'LL WAIT FOR  
FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT FOR YOU.  
NOBODY'S  
THREATENING  
**YOUR** LIFE!

I SAY —  
WAIT!



THAT NIGHT, AS  
ROGER BOOFER  
RIDES HOME ALONE —

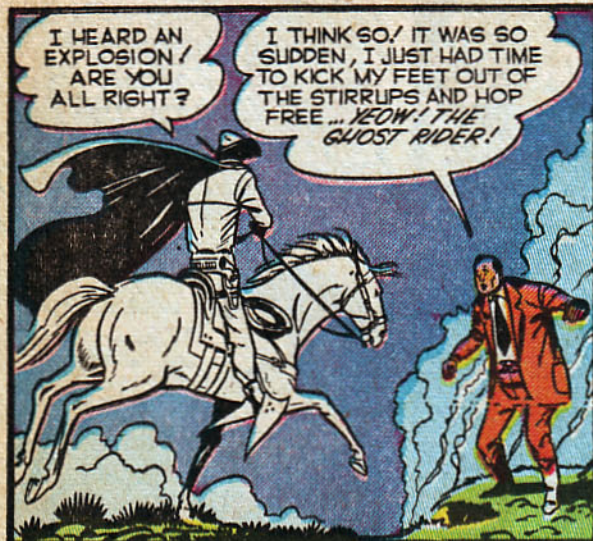


SUDDENLY THE GROUND  
ERUPTS UNDER HIM! BITS  
OF FLYING ROCK FLY  
THROUGH THE AIR!

THE  
WHOLE SIDE  
OF THE CLIFF  
CAVED IN!









ONCE AGAIN THE WHEELS OF THE STAGECOACH OF DEATH RATTLE AND BOUNCE / ONCE AGAIN THE FACELESS COWLED DRIVER HOLDS THE REINS...

OUR LAST RIDE, MY BEAUTIES / TONIGHT WE TRAVEL DEATH'S HIGHWAY FOR THE LAST TIME! RUN! RUN!



SUDDENLY, SUSPENDED IN THE AIR ITSELF —!

YOU WHO RIDE ON DEATH'S BUSINESS... — GREETINGS!



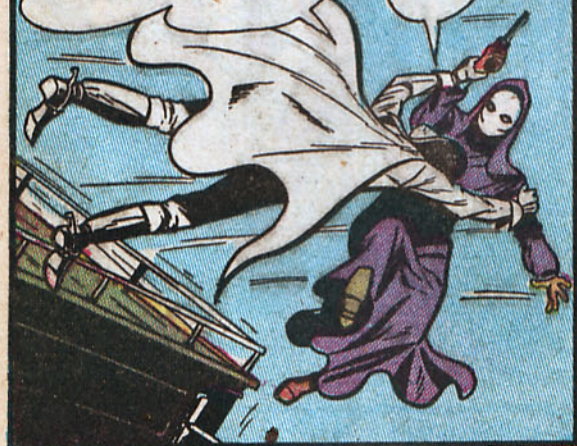
you!

THIS TIME THERE IS NO ESCAPE, MY FRIEND!



THIS TIME, WHEN I FALL OFF THE COACH, YOU WILL FALL WITH ME!

NO! NO!



ROGER BOOFER / I KNEW IT! YOU KILLED LUKE MORMON... AND POISONED JEB NOLAN SO THAT HE DIED IN THE SAGE FLATS! YOU SERVED DEATH WELL! BUT YOU WILL SERVE HIM EVEN BETTER —



— WHEN THEY HANG YOU FOR YOUR CRIMES!



OUR JOB IS DONE! ONCE AGAIN THE EVIL THAT STALKS BY NIGHT HAS FADED OUT! UP, SPECTRE! AWAY!

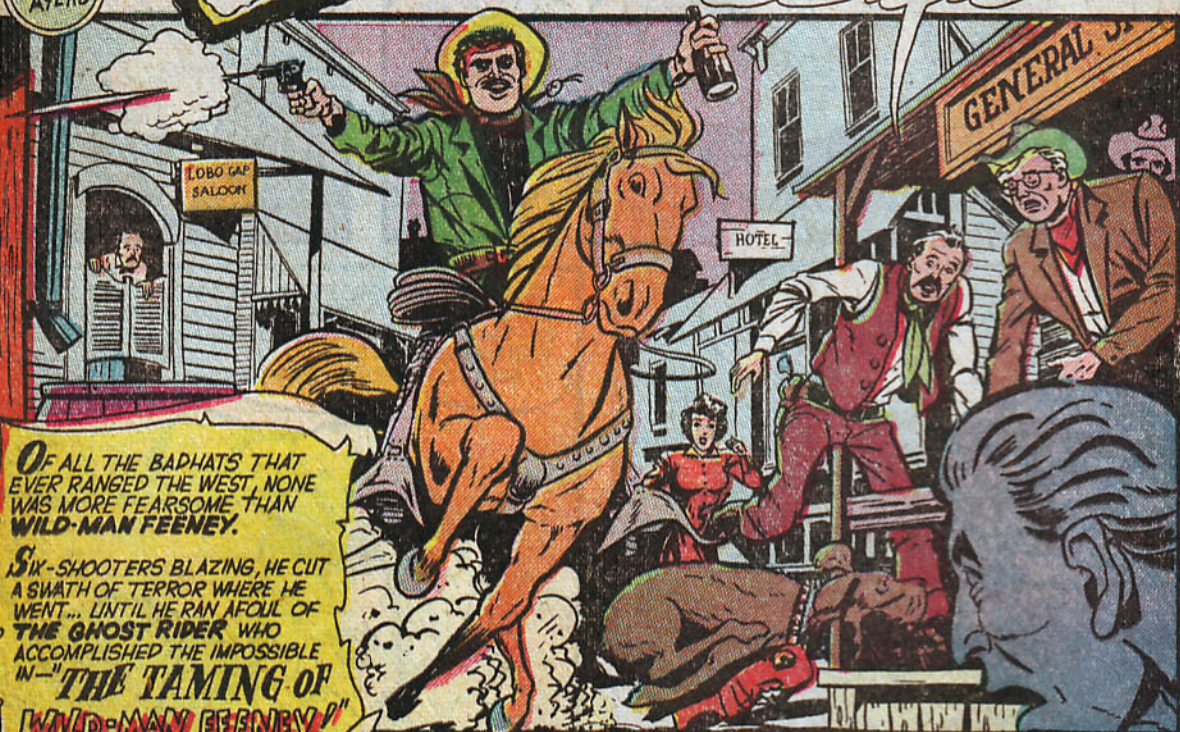




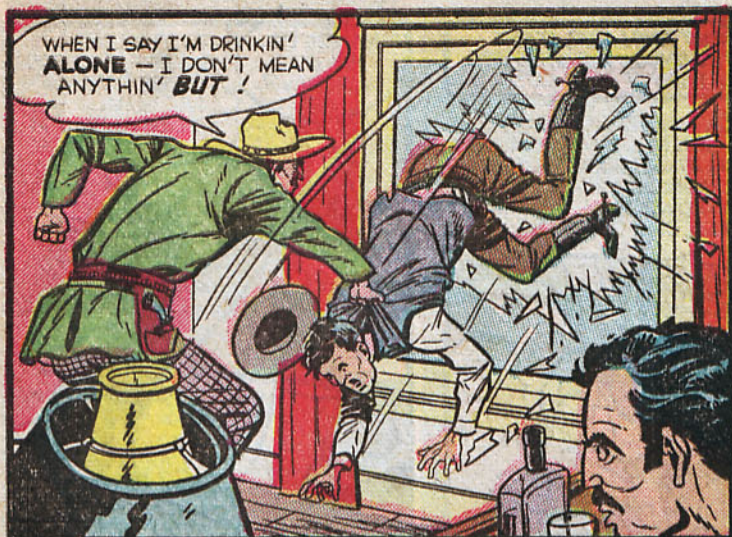
# the GHOST RIDER

DICK AYERS

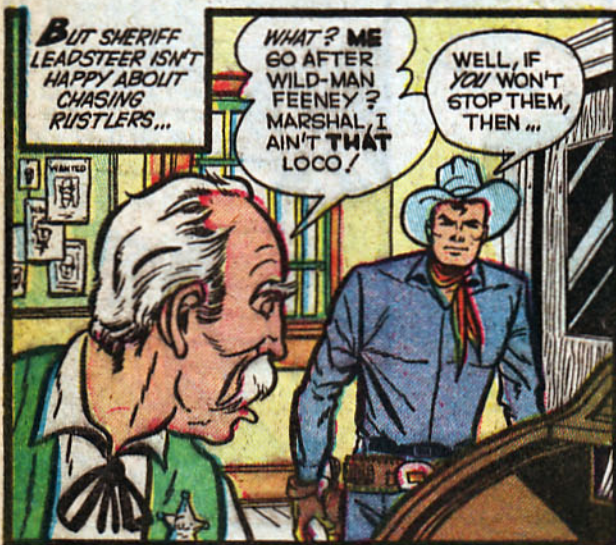
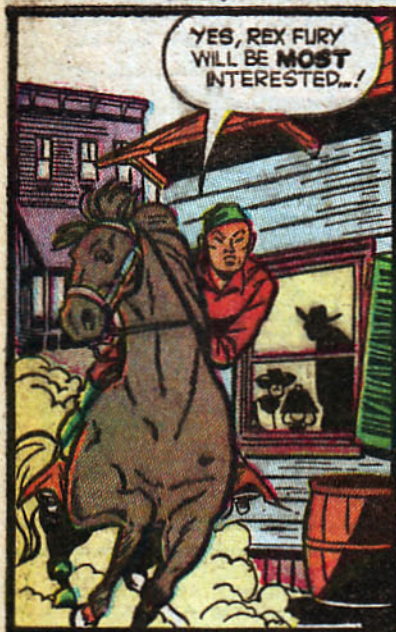
RUN FER YER LIVES! IT'S...  
IT'S WILD-MAN FEENEY!



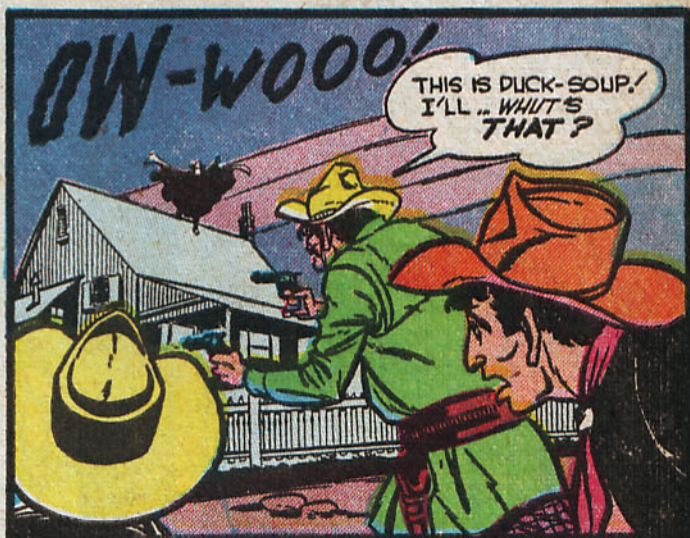
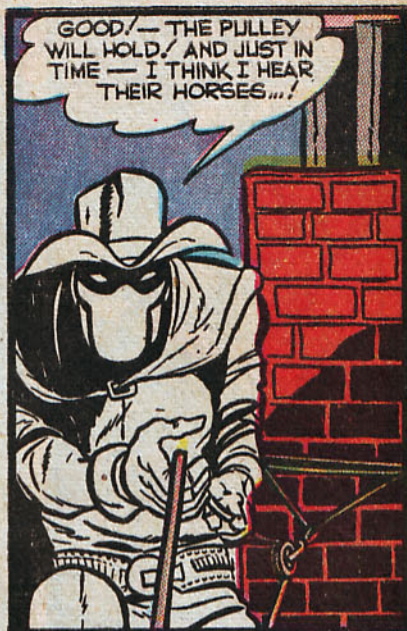




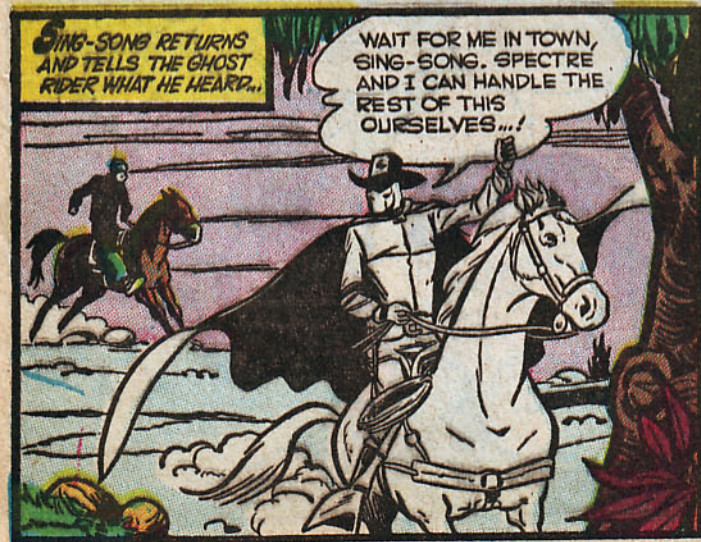




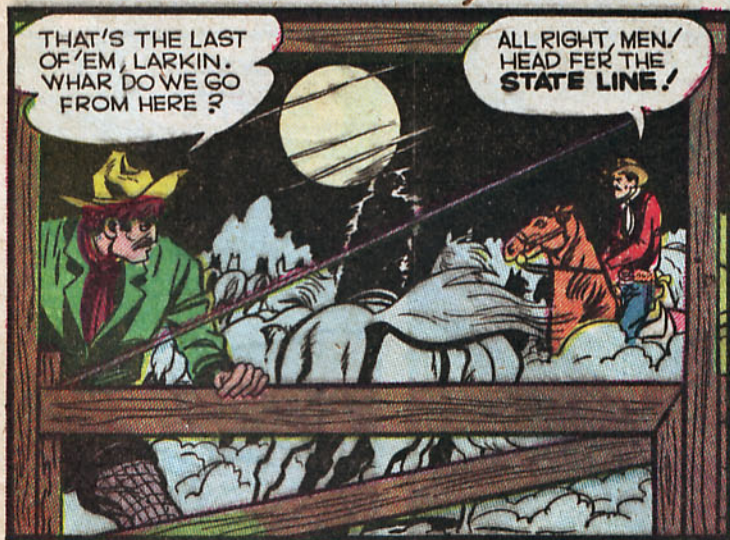
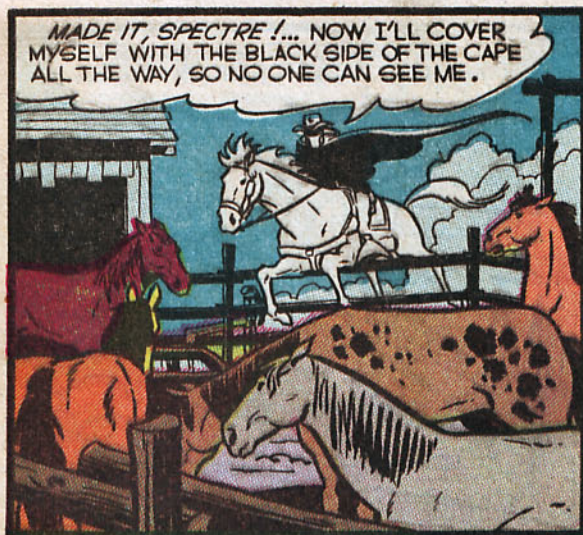












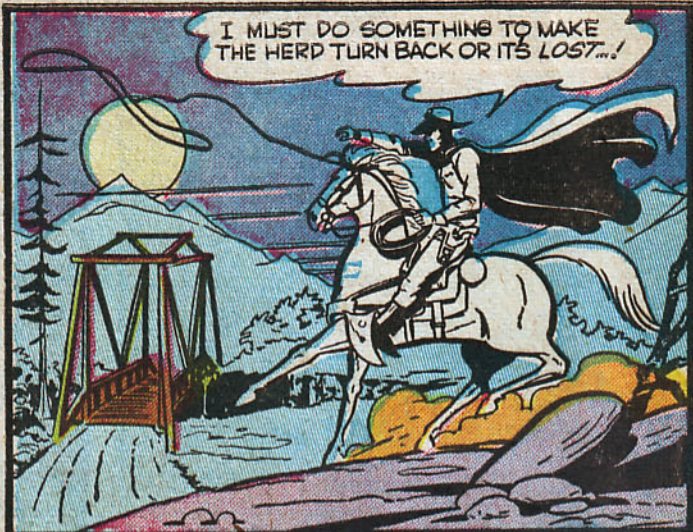


SEEING HIS CHANCE,  
THE GHOST RIDER  
SLIPS AWAY FROM  
THE HERD...

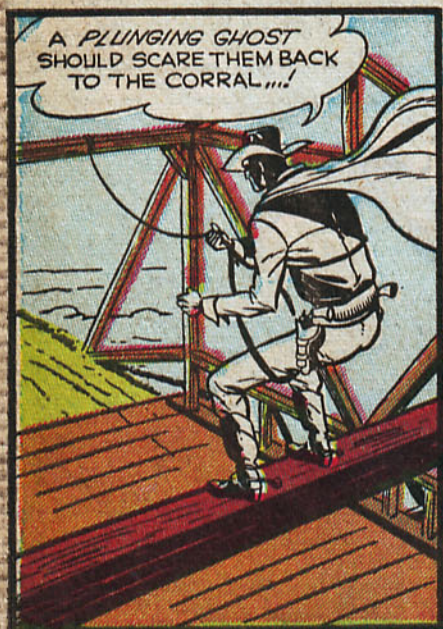
MY BLACK AND  
WHITE CAPE DID  
HALF THE TRICK...  
NOW TO FINISH  
THE JOB



I MUST DO SOMETHING TO MAKE  
THE HERD TURN BACK OR ITS LOST...



A PLUNGING GHOST  
SHOULD SCARE THEM BACK  
TO THE CORRAL....!



AH, THE HERD!  
NOW...!



TURN BACK!  
TURN BACK,  
MEN OF EVIL!

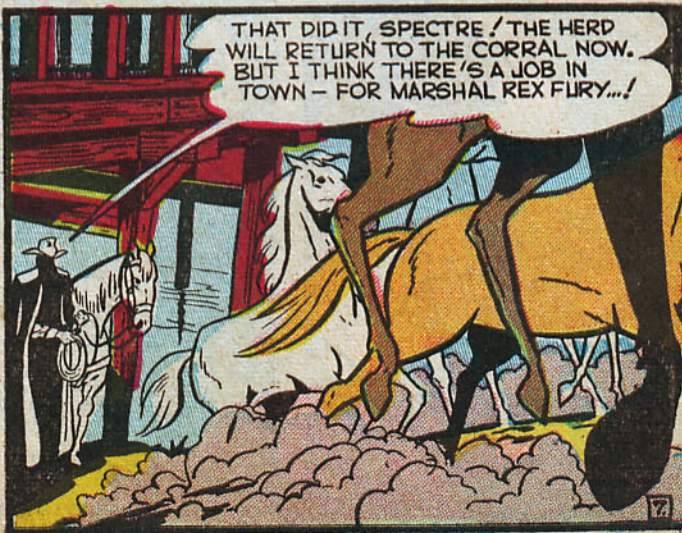


YIPE! I'M  
GITTIN'  
OUT!

TH..THUH GHOST!  
IT'S REAL! HEAD  
BACK FORTOWN,  
MEN! WE'RE  
LICKED!



THAT DID IT, SPECTRE! THE HERD  
WILL RETURN TO THE CORRAL NOW.  
BUT I THINK THERE'S A JOB IN  
TOWN - FOR MARSHAL REX FURY...!





**NEXT MORNING, IN THE  
STREETS OF TOWN...**

HEY, MARSHAL /  
CRANDALL HERE  
TELLS ME SOME  
BADHATS TRIED  
TO HOLD HIM UP  
LAST NIGHT, AN'  
THEN STAMPEDED  
HIS HORSES!

SHERIFF,  
I DEMAND  
YOU GIT THEM  
HOSSES BACK  
AN' CAPTURE  
THE MEN  
WHUT DONE  
IT.

YOUR HORSES  
ARE BACK IN THE  
CORRAL, CRANDALL.  
AND IF YOU WANT  
THE MEN WHO  
STAMPEDED  
THEM, COME  
INTO THE  
BAR.

THUH  
BAR? BUT  
THERE'S  
NO  
BADHATS  
IN  
THAR!

WHUT IS THIS,  
A WILD-GOOSE  
CHASE, MARSHAL?  
WHAR'S THUH  
RANNIES?

COMING  
IN BEHIND  
YOU,  
SHERIFF...



**DUCK!** IT'S  
WILD-MAN FEENEY!



WHAR'S THUH  
SHERIFF,  
STRANGER?

RIGHT  
HERE,  
WILD-MAN.

NO!  
NO!



WE'RE THE MEN  
WHUT RAIDED CRANDALL  
YESTIDDY, BUT WE'RE  
GIVIN' UP, SHERIFF.

YEAH. THAT  
GHOST IS TOO  
MUCH FER  
**ANY** MAN!  
I'M SHAKIN'  
LIKE A  
LEAF!



**AS THE BADHATS  
ARE LED TO JAIL...**

A  
LAST SLUG  
OF RYE,  
WILD-MAN?

THANK YOU, MR. BARTENDER,  
BUT COULD I HAVE A CUP  
OF COFFEE, BLACK, INSTEAD?  
MY NERVES ARE SHOT  
SOMETHIN' TURRIBLE!

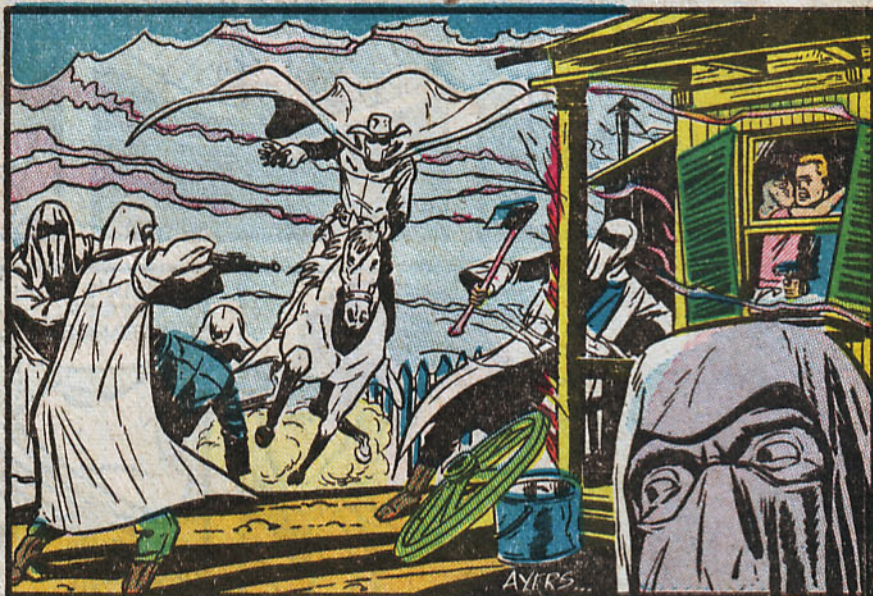




# the GHOST RIDER



**THE GHOST RIDER,** IT SEEMS IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO WEARS THE WHITE CAPE AND MASK. OTHERS HAVE DONNED THE CLOAK OF WHITE — MEN OF HATE — AND THEIR AIM IS NOT JUSTICE — BUT BLOOD, FURY AND SUDDEN DEATH! IN THIS SUSPENSE-FILLED ADVENTURE OF THE GHOST RIDER —



**THE SLENDER, SELDOM-TRAVERSED TRAILS** LEADING WESTWARD ARE SUDDENLY CHOKED WITH TRAVELLERS. A HORDE OF FARMERS, HUNGRY FOR FREE LAND, STREAM ACROSS THE PRAIRIES. THE GOVERNMENT HAS JUST OPENED GREAT TRACTS OF LAND FOR FARMING, FREE FOR THE TAKING. THESE NEW FARMER SETTLERS ARE CALLED "NESTERS" AND THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN THEM AND THE CATTLEMEN WHO WANT THE RANGELAND FOR THEMSELVES...!



WELL, SING-SONG, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH A REAL WAR HAS BROKEN OUT BETWEEN THE NESTERS AND THE CATTLEMEN. AND I THINK BURKE, OF THE BAR-M CATTLE-SPREAD IS THE JASPER WHO'S BEHIND IT ALL...



I UNDERSTAND BURKE HAS ORGANIZED THE CATTLEMEN INTO AN ARMY OF WHITE-HOODED VIGILANTES WHO CALL THEMSELVES "THE NIGHTRIDERS." THEY AIM TO KILL EVERY NESTER IN THIS VALLEY.

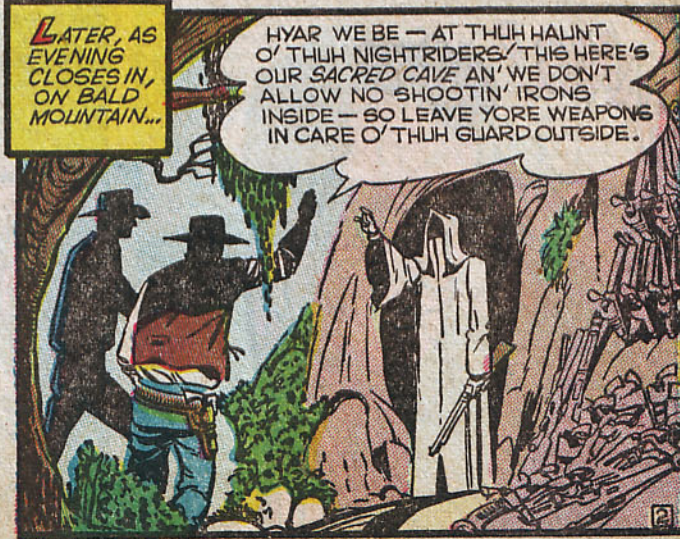
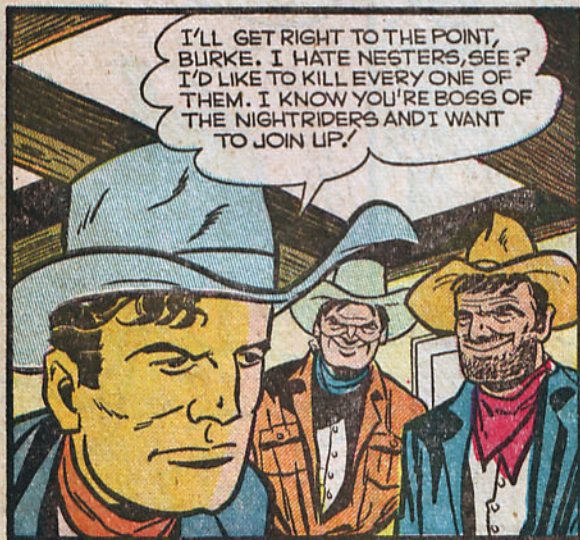
BAD BUSINESS! MUST BE STOPPED — NO?



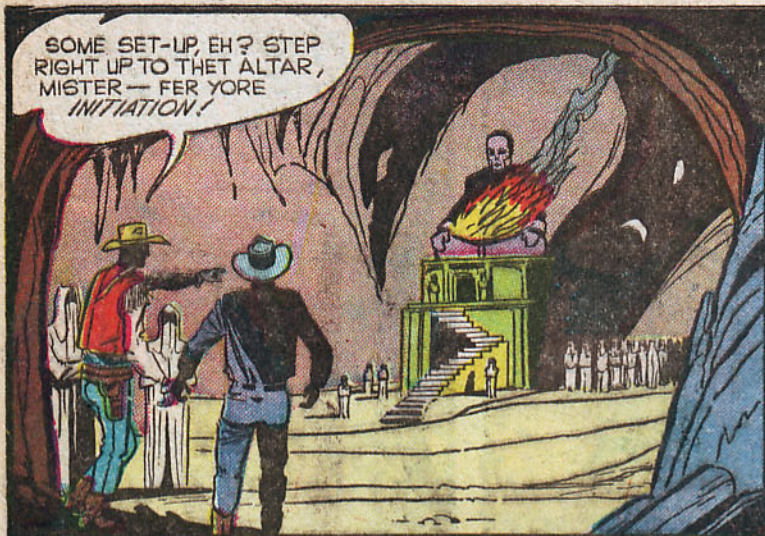
RIGHT. AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE PLANS OF THE NIGHTRIDERS SO I CAN STOP THEM — AND THAT'S TO WORK FROM WITHIN!

I KETCH!









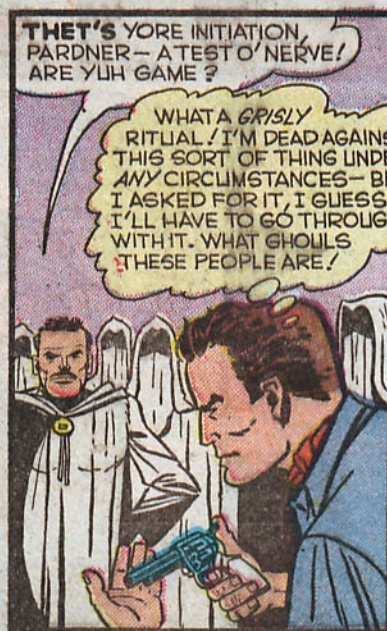
SOME SET-UP, EH? STEP RIGHT UP TO THET ALTAR, MISTER — FER YORE INITIATION!



OUR SACRED SILVER PISTOL! THET'S THUH ONLY WEAPON ALLOWED IN HERE. LIEUTENANT, BRING ME THET CASE O' BLANK AMMUNITION!

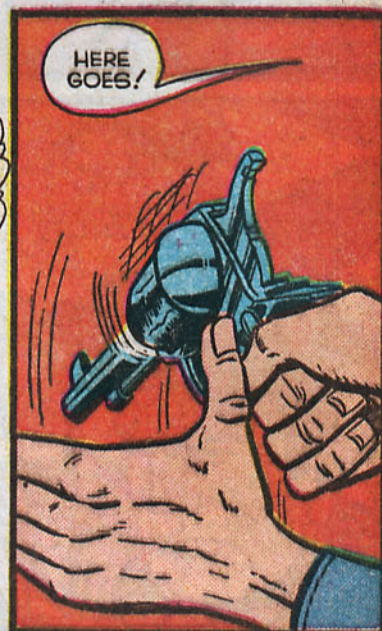


EVER HEAR O' "RUSSIAN ROULETTE," PARDNER? I'M LOADIN' THIS PISTOL WITH ONE SILVER *BULLET* AN' FIVE *BLANKS*. YUH SPIN THUH CHAMBER, PUT THE GUN TO YORE HEAD AN' SHOOT! YUH GOT FIVE CHANCES OUTTA SIX TUH PULL A **BLANK**!



THET'S YORE INITIATION, PARDNER — A TEST O' NERVE! ARE YUH GAME?

WHATA *GRISLY* RITUAL! I'M DEAD AGAINST THIS SORT OF THING UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES — BUT, I ASKED FOR IT, I GUESS. I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT. WHAT GHOUHS THESE PEOPLE ARE!



HERE GOES!



A **BLANK**! YUH GOT LUCK, PARDNER! I HEREBY CONFER ON YUH THUH SACRED ROBE O' THUH NIGHTRIDERS — AN' I'M RIGHT PROUD TUH HAVE YUH WITH US!







THE HORDE OF WHITE-ROBED HOODLUMS SPILL DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AND CHARGE THE FIRST NESTER SHACK IN THEIR PATH.

NIGHTRIDERS! QUICK, MARTHA—GET INSIDE AND START LOADING RIFLES, WHILE I BOLT THIS DOOR! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU DOPES—YOU NEVER EVEN NICKED THET NESTER! CAIN'T YUH SHOOT ANYMORE? COME ON, WE'LL BURN 'EM OUT!

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT NESTER FAMILY **SOMEHOW!** I'LL RIDE AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE...

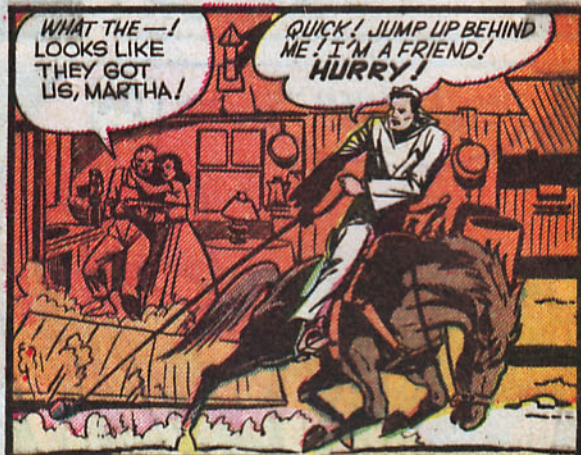
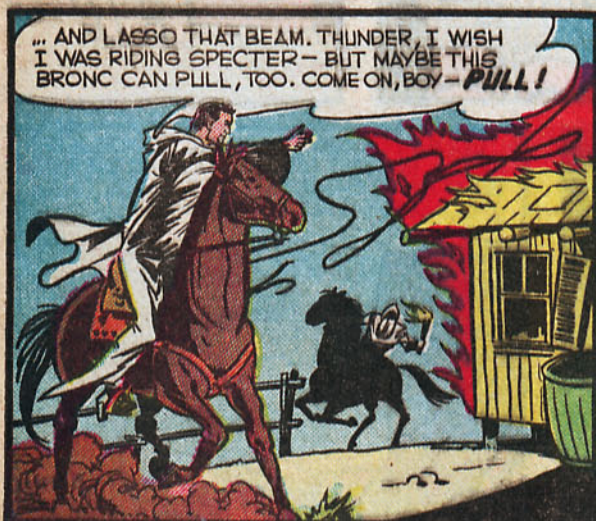


... AND LASSO THAT BEAM. THUNDER, I WISH I WAS RIDING SPECTER—BUT MAYBE THIS BRONC CAN PULL, TOO. COME ON, BOY—**PULL!**

ONE STRONG TUG BY THE HORSE IS ENOUGH TO PULL DOWN THE WALL OF THE FLIMSY FARMER'S SHACK.

WHAT THE—! LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT US, MARTHA!

QUICK! JUMP UP BEHIND ME! I'M A FRIEND! **HURRY!**



WAL, I'LL BE—! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

IT'S THET NEW GUY WE INITIATED TODAY—THE SPY! AFTER 'EM! **EVERYBODY—GO GIT 'EM!**

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, MISTER—THIS HORSE IS OVERLOADED! I'M GETTIN' OFF AN' HOLD 'EM—YOU GET MY WIFE OUTA HERE!

WE'LL MAKE IT, I TELL YOU. WE HIT THE SWAMP IN A SECOND—AND THERE, ON OUR FEET, WE'VE GOT AN EVEN CHANCE!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THEIR SHOOTING—PLUNGE AHEAD AS FAST AS YOU CAN!





IF ONLY SING-SONG MADE IT! IT SHOULD BE NEAR HERE—THERE!...*THERE IT IS—THE BOAT!*... THAT BOAT WILL TAKE US TO CLEAR WATER AND THE RIVER—AND SAFETY!



QUICK! GET IN! THERE THEY ARE!

IT'S TOO LATE! SAVE YOURSELF! I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOVE FOR SPEED AND I'LL STAY HERE AND HOLD THEM OFF! GOODBYE!



THEY GOT AWAY! HE SAVED THEM DIRTY NESTERS!

BUT WE GOT THE SPY!



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, BOSS?

JUST WHAT WE DO WITH ALL TRAITORS AND SPIES! WE'LL **EXECUTE** HIM! TIE HIS HANDS AND FEET!



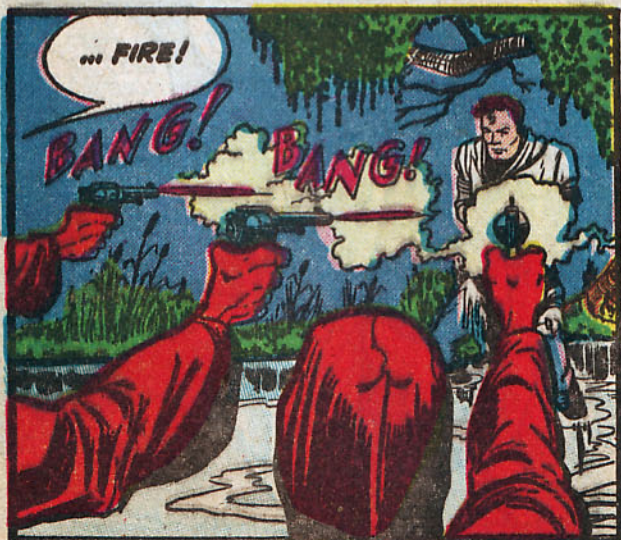
HSSS! REX—REMEMBER, GUNS LOADED WITH **BLANKS**! MAKE LIKE DEAD!

READY....  
AIM....!



... FIRE!

**BANG! BANG!**



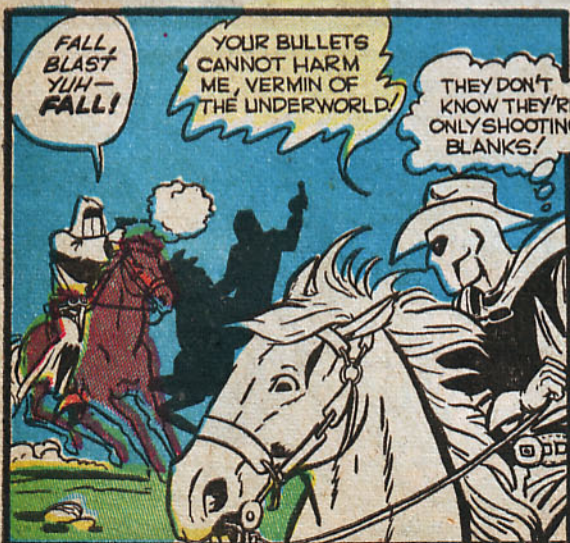
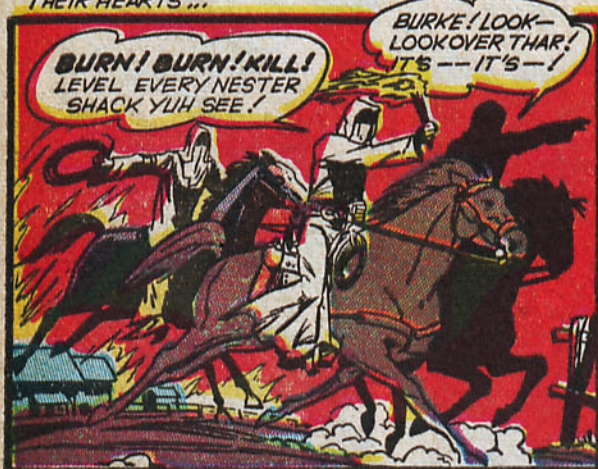
AND THET TAKES CARE O' THET SPY! NOW—BACK TO THE VALLEY! WE'LL MAKE UP FOR THIS BY TAKIN' CARE O' THUH OTHER NESTERS IN THUH VALLEY.







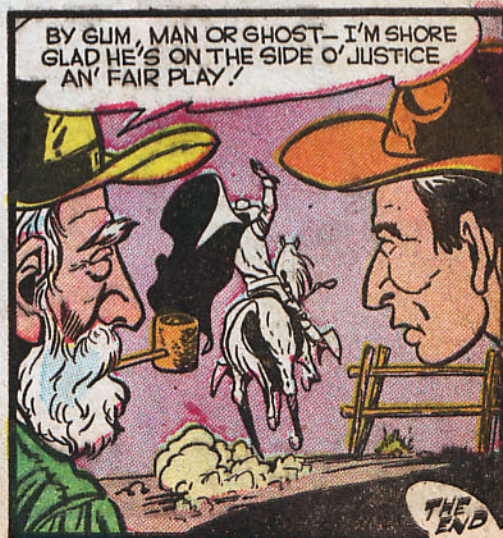
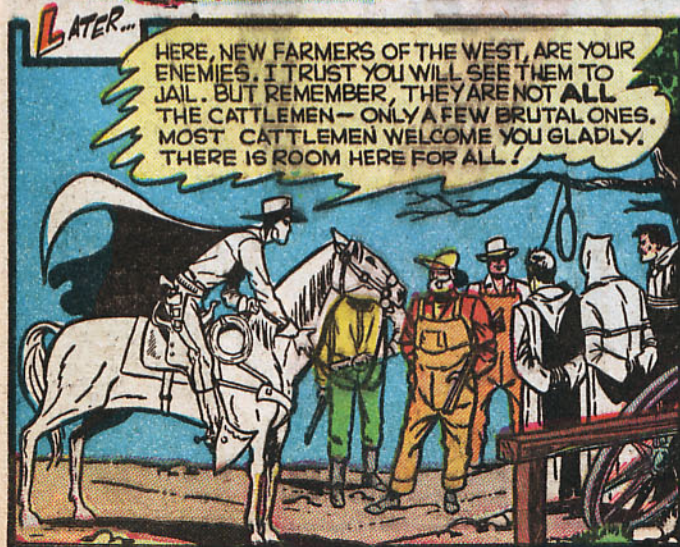
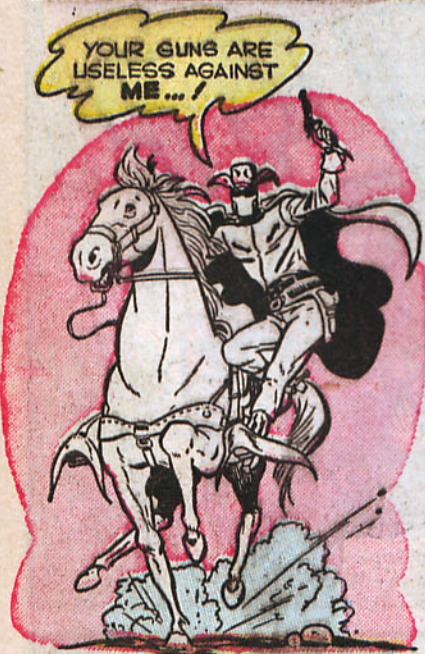
A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE NIGHTRIDERS CHARGE A NESTER SETTLEMENT, COLD MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS ...







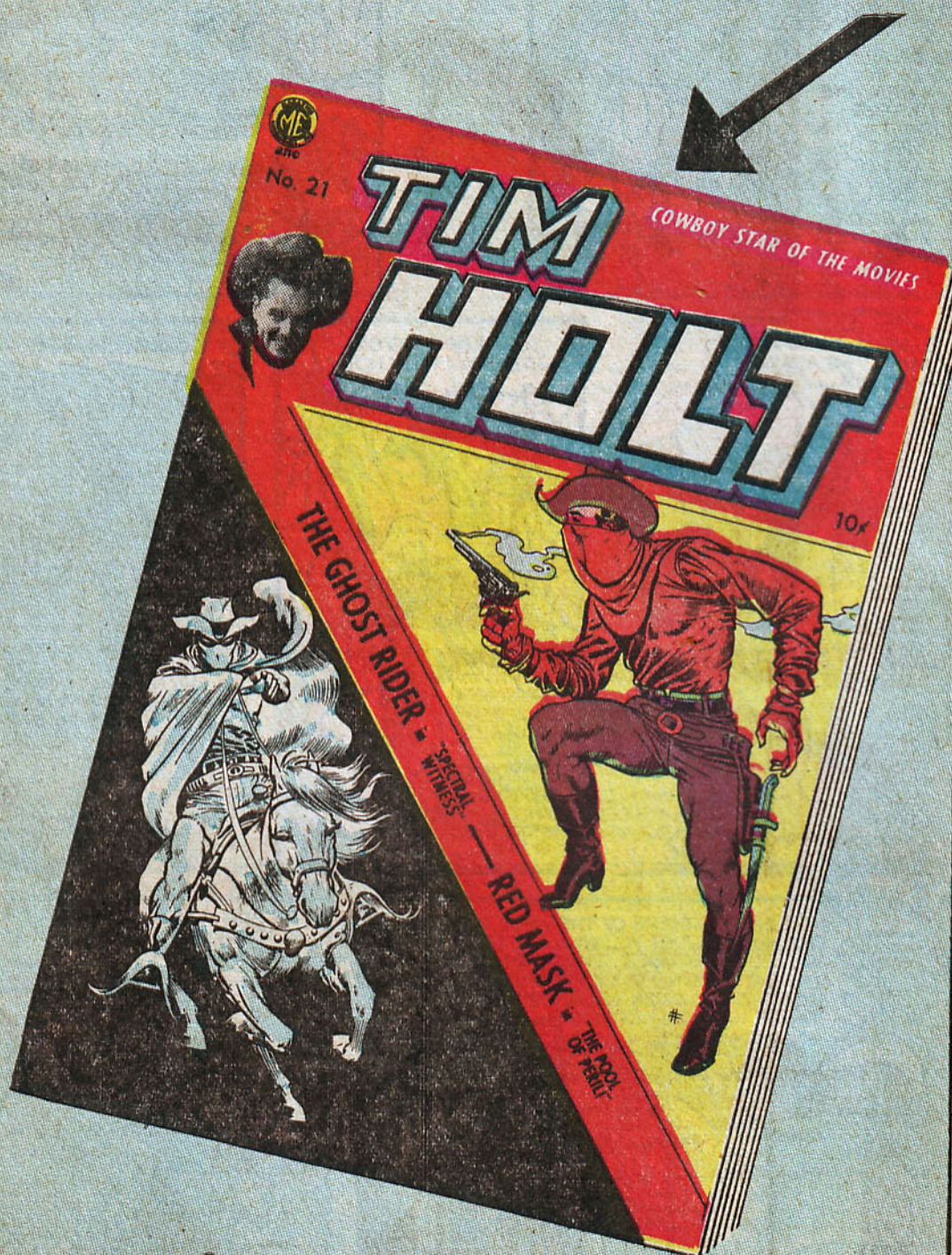
**THE** HORSES OF THE NIGHT-RIDERS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE FLEET SPECTRE! THE GHOST RIDER, A WHITE STREAK OF VENGEANCE SWIRLS LIKE A WRAITH OF FURY AMONG THE WHITE-ROBED HOODLUMS!





# THE GHOST RIDER

*RIDES*  
IN EVERY  
ISSUE OF

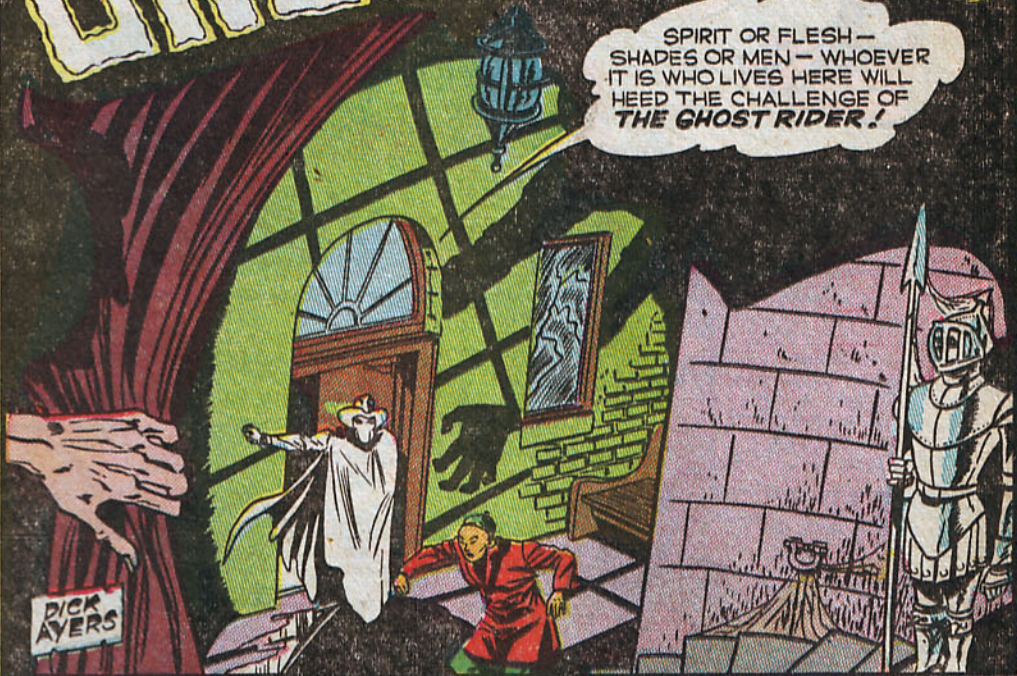


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# the GHOST RIDER

**B**ELIEVE IT OR NOT — A GENUINE CASTLE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS! AND THERE WAS NO ONE WHO COULD EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY OF THE EERIE MOANS AND WEIRD LIGHTS THAT CAME FROM THIS FORTRESS OF DREAD WITH ITS MYSTERIOUS PAST! ONLY REX FURY — WHO AT NIGHT BECAME THE GHOST RIDER DARED TO FACE THE NAMELESS HORROR OF A NIGHT IN — **THE HAUNTED CASTLE.**



DICK AYERS

ONE DAY AS REX FURY, SING SONG, THE SHERIFF, AND THE MAYOR OF RED GAP ARE RIDING BY "THE HAUNTED CASTLE" ...

MAYOR SWEENEY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS ABOUT THAT STRANGE OLD CASTLE, HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BADLANDS — LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

NOT MUCH, REX — EXCEPT THAT EVERYONE SAYS IT'S HAUNTED! I'VE SEEN AND HEARD SOME MIGHTY SPOOKY SOUNDS AND SIGHTS AROUND HERE, MYSELF! BUT SHERIFF TONE HERE KNOWS THE STORY — HOW ABOUT TELLING IT TO US, SHERIFF?



IT'S A STRANGE YARN ALL RIGHT, GENTS. 'BOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, A QUEER DUCK CAME OUT THIS WAY FROM THE EAST. HE WAS HALF-CRAZY, I GUESS ...





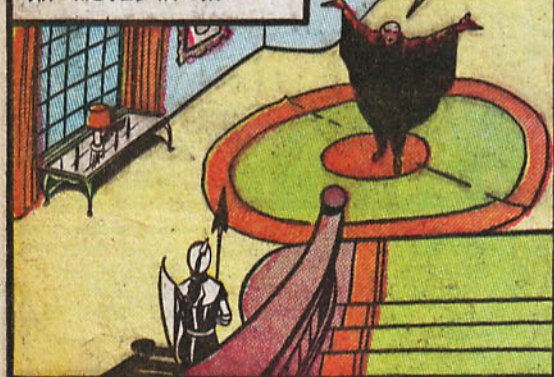
"BUT HE SEEMED TO HAVE MORE MONEY THAN HE KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH. IT BORTA APPEARED TUH ME THET HE WAS RUNNIN' AWAY FROM SOMETHIN'."



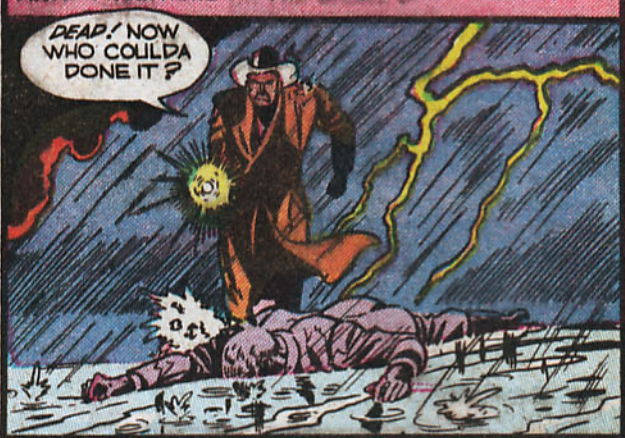
"...**WELL**, HE BROUGHT IN ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS AND WORKMEN FROM THE EAST. I GUESS HE JEST DIDN'T WANT NOBODY 'ROUND THESE PARTS TO KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THET CASTLE HE WUZ BUILDIN'."



"...**LET** LAST, THUH THING WAS FINISHED. ALL THE BUILDERS WENT BACK EAST AN' LEFT THUH GUY ALONE LIKE HE WANTED. HE PUT A BIG 'KEEP OUT' SIGN OUTSIDE THE PLACE AN' MOVED IN'..."



"...**THET** WAS THUH LAST ANYONE EVER SAW OF HIM. HE LIVED LIKE THET FOR TEN YEARS. ALL BY HIMSELF—UNTIL ONE DARK AN' STORMY NIGHT. I FOUND HIS BODY, ALL BEAT UP AN' BATTERED, TEN MILES AWAY FROM HERE ON THE SHORE OF THE RIVER!"



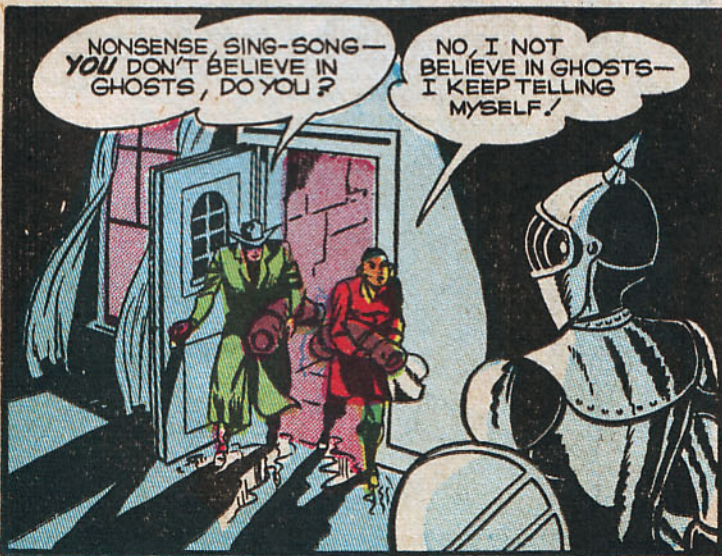
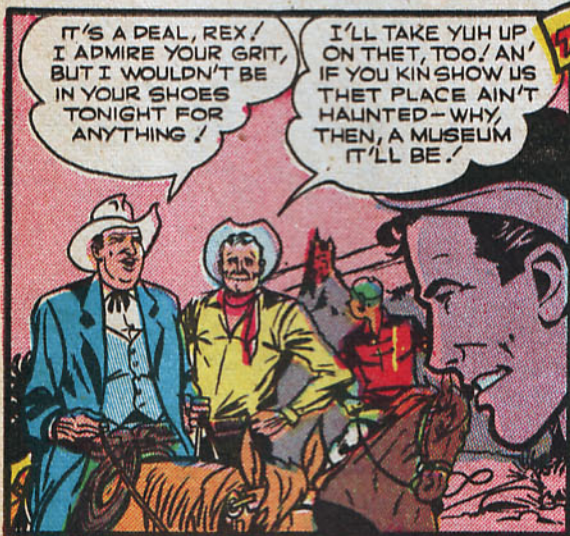
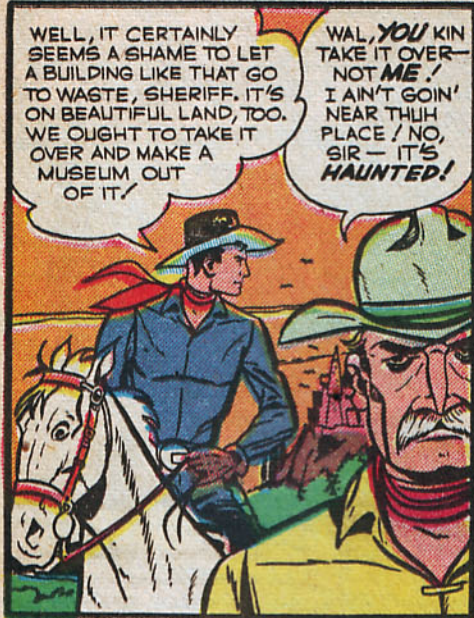
"...**AN'** THET VERY NIGHT, STRANGE LIGHTS WERE SEEN COMING FROM THUH CASTLE—AN' STRANGE MOANINGS WERE HEARD..."



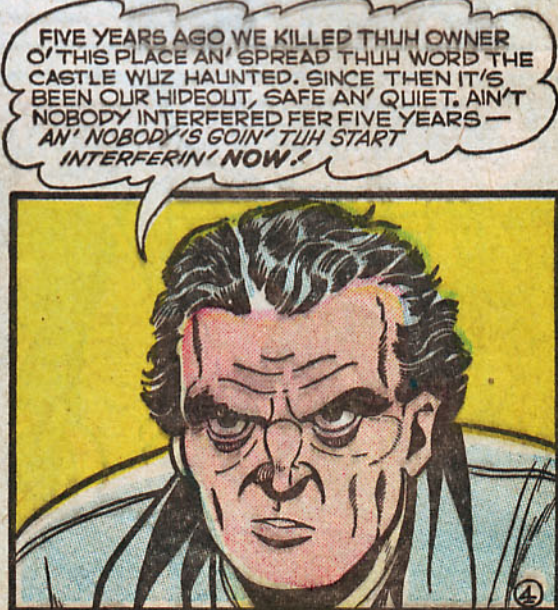
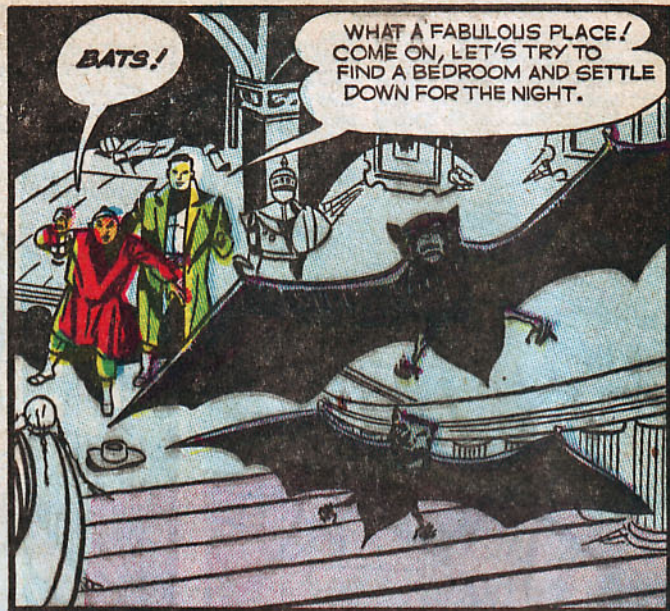
"...AN' THET'S HOW IT WAS. AIN'T NOBODY IN THET THERE CASTLE BUT WEEDS, COBWEBS, BATS—AN' **SPOOKS**! NOBODY'S EVER BEEN IN IT—AN' NOBODY EVER SOLVED THUH MYSTERY OF THUH OWNER'S DEATH."



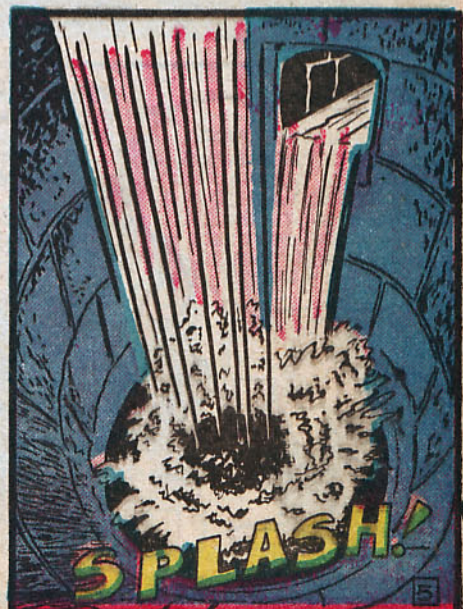
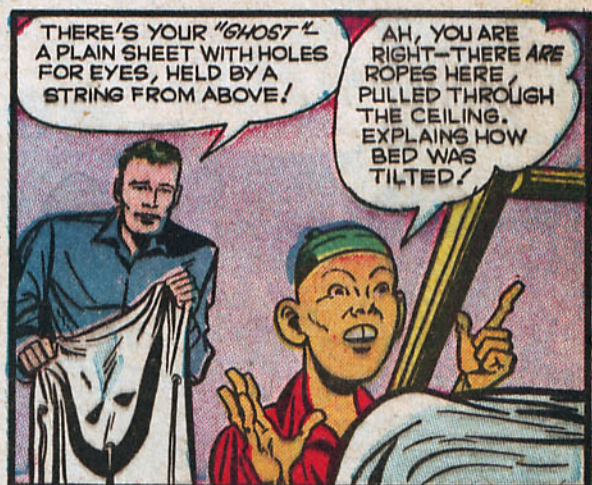




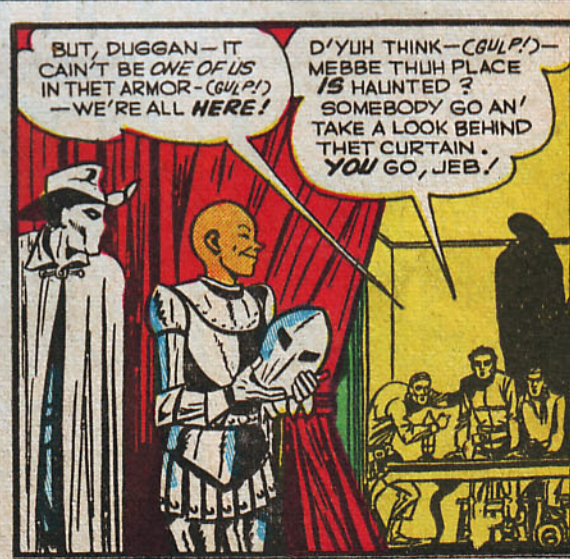
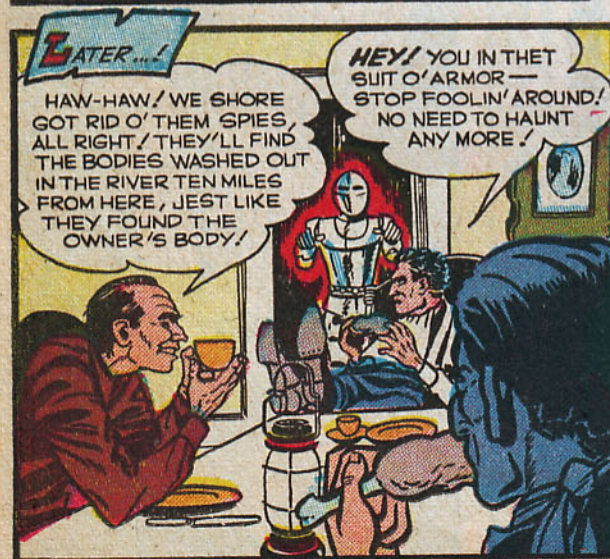
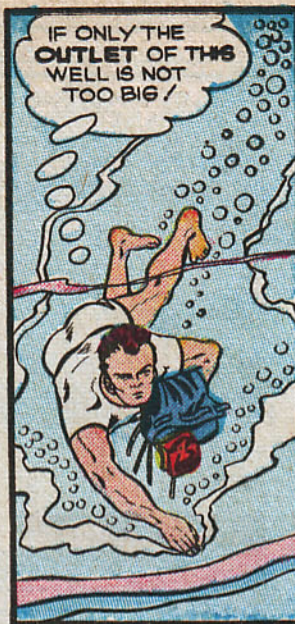














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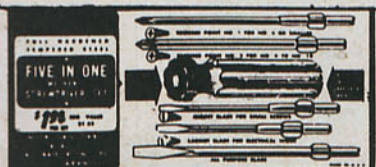


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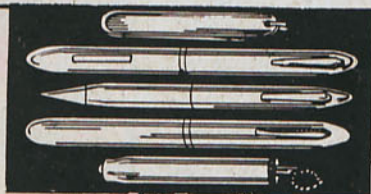


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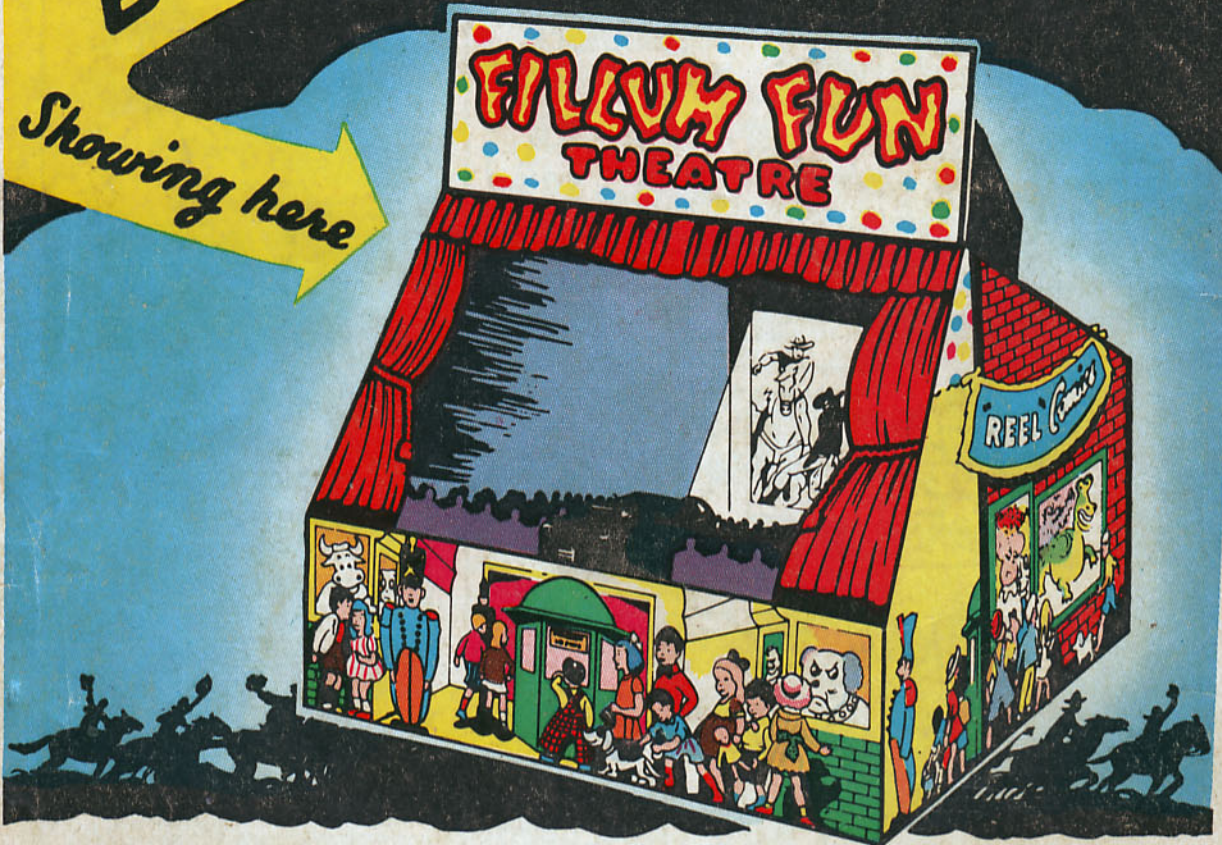
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2

1950

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GHOST RIDER

DICK AYERS\*

7

GR: TAMING OF WILD-MAN FEENEY

AYERS\*

8

GR: DEATH WEARS A WHITE MASK

AYERS\*

8

GR: The HAUNTED CASTLE

AYERS\*

6